



Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

• There have been some wonderful parades this year with the impetus of the Centennial, but I have a nagging complaint about parades. The spectators who line the street to enjoy the spectacle can't unfold their arms long enough to clap their hands in appreciation. All the work, all the effort of volunteers, all the practising by band members, all the attractiveness of the exhibits don't seem to move us from our selfish viewing to express appreciation for the efforts of others who made it possible. Why is a worthwhile parade not applauded? They used to be. I can remember, too, the encouragement that applause gives a weary bandman or marcher. Guess we're too busy now to encourage others. Business gets blamed for everything else.

• Canadians are practising a restraint, at the individual level, towards all the two-nation talk and the wild flights of some Quebec ministers, that may not long continue under the prolonged prodding. I hear more and more whispered suggestions that "we just tell Quebec to get out if they don't like Confederation." I'm one of those who is desperately trying to restrain myself from such suggestions in the hope the sane populace of Quebec will soon denounce all the separatist suggestions, and we may collectively develop Canada.

• I notice where a meeting of Milton Chamber of Commerce has been set

for October 19 to consider future activities of the group. Parking and town development are a couple of the items slated for the agenda and they're hardly new subjects for Chamber consideration. The Chamber has always seemed to have a difficult time surviving locally, yet it is one self-help organization that deserves a better history. Businessmen are notoriously individualistic and that makes it difficult to pour them all into one organization and have them come up agreeing on specific courses of action. An even bigger problem, however, is getting them to a meeting along with all their other commitments.

• The Champion staff is gearing up to handle reports on election returns next Tuesday evening and a phone call to 878-2341 will give you the latest reports in the two ridings served by The Champion — Halton East and Halton West. In addition full coverage will be included in the Wednesday issue of the paper with highlights in photo and story. If you call and find our two lines busy, just keep calling and you're bound to get through at some time. We'll be doing our best to get the results to you as quickly and efficiently as possible.

• You don't have to go far from this area to take in some of the attractive autumn colors. The escarpment provides many attractive scenes and the conservation areas and Bruce Trail offer some ideal hike settings.



Down[s] in this

with roy downs

Corner

Newspaper columnists who dare to write about politics are taking their life in their hands to cast any favoritism toward one party. Mind you, you're "damned if you do, and damned if you don't."

My column last week, which predicted a "clean sweep" of both Halton West and Halton East ridings by provincial P.C. candidates George Kerr and Jim Snow, has been severely castigated in many quarters. The castigators are all Liberals and N.D.P. supporters, of course.

It's not the first time The Champion or its staffers have been taken to task during the present provincial election campaign. The Champion has an old reputation for being a Liberal paper (although we have done nothing in the 12 years I've worked here to make people think that). Yet when the editorial columns praised the federal Conservatives for their choice of a new leader we were accused of being a Tory supporting press. May I remind you, the editorial simply praised the party for its choice of leader, it did not tell that party to get out and quickly overthrow the existing federal government.

The September 20 issue of The Champion carried two photos of local Conservative campaigners on the front page. You guessed it — once again the paper was severely attacked (it was a whisper campaign, mind you, nothing in public) by supporters of the other two parties for giving too much good press to the Tories. May I remind readers that during that week, the Liberals and N.D.P. did nothing newsworthy enough to rate a front page picture, while the Conservatives happened to do something extremely newsworthy in the presence of the Premier of Ontario — which rated front page space in any news editor's eye, despite his personal political leanings.

The next week, we ran a picture of Liberal leader Robert Nixon on the front page. It was a week the Tories didn't do much, and photo coverage of their campaign was relegated to an inside page. Boy, did we hear it from the Conservatives that week! Suddenly, in their eyes, The Champion was a "Liberal paper" once more.

The third week in the cycle was a dandy. We had both Premier John Ro-

barts and N.D.P. leader Donald MacDonald visiting town within two days of each other. Suppose it was a newsmen's nightmare, trying to sort out the political protocol? No sir. We gave Premier Robarts the top spot photo on the front page, with MacDonald a close second. And both were featured in news stories on Page One. Inside the paper, there were three more photos of Robarts visiting the fair. Liberal candidate Robin Skuce got the next best thing — a photo on Page Three. The coverage and the display of the photos were my own decision as news editor, and each story and photo was ranked by its NEWS importance, not by any personal feelings.

Then came the column. I used a signed, personal column to make a prediction on the outcome of the election. In doing so, my vardstick was plain "horse sense" and I selected my winners after a thorough research into past election figures and a great deal of thought. My predictions on the outcome were also partly based on the Halton County voters' persistence in voting for the party — not the man.

Again, the criticism came, hot and heavy. While the Conservatives were glad-handing me and welcoming me to the club, my Liberal friends and a few N.D.P. acquaintances were roasting me in public (and probably behind closed doors, too) for daring to predict a Conservative victory. There were also a few sarcastic comments about the coverage afforded Mr. Robarts over the two opposing teams.

The point of the whole thing is, while my predictions implied a P.C. landslide in the two ridings, who savst that's how I'm going to vote? I still feel Snow's a winner, but what's to stop me from casting a protest vote in favor of Skuce or Gillies? And remember, I never said "vote Tory."

The column had one effect, when it stirred up some interest in the campaign. While several approached me in person to discuss last week's column, only two had the fortitude to comment in writing, for which I give them credit.

Norm Pearce, who is probably Robin Skuce's hardest worker in Milton, wrote:

(Continued on Page B6)



THE CARIBOO ROAD to the gold fields of B.C., was completed in 1865. The drawing shows miners going in, and a coach coming out, with gold guarded by armed men. Placer gold was discovered on the Fraser River in the 1850's. It was Canada's first important find of the precious metal. Further discoveries up the river sparked the Cariboo gold rush of 1858. Only two years before then, the white population of B.C., then known as New Caledonia, consisted of

employees of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s fur trading post plus 40 freehold farmers, at Fort Victoria on the colony of Vancouver Island. Then came the impact of thousands of prospectors and adventurers from California and all over the world. Britain quickly proclaimed a second colony on the mainland, named it British Columbia and gave it a civil government with its capital at New Westminster.

Locating the pocket

Milton Council's decision to launch a province-wide campaign to ask municipalities to give electors a vote on provincial payment of education costs, is at least imaginative.

The town itself has agreed to ask electors if they feel the province should assume 100 per cent of the cost of education.

The reasoning is that if sufficient municipalities agree to hold the plebiscite, and the results run in favor, as is anticipated, a strong indication of what the people want could be dropped on the provincial government's door step.

There are two basic problems. One is the timing. A by-law approving the plebiscite would be required in each of the agreeable municipalities by the end of October to be effective this year. Whether local municipalities can or will act remains to be seen.

The other problem is that if all goes well the result may be provincially re-

garded as a natural outcome. Most people, it will be argued, would vote in favor of motherhood if given the opportunity. A vote to cut education costs from the local tax bill may be a similar type of situation.

On the more positive side, however, it would indicate that reality taxes are becoming an issue. The ham-stringing of local municipalities by increasing costs must be recognized and people seem intent on demanding more and more services from their town or township.

One wonders if shifting the cost of education to the provincial level will ultimately ease the load on the individual, but in a democracy the fairest way to achieve a consensus of opinion is by a vote.

Milton electors can make the decision this December whether they want to meet the cost of education at the provincial level or through a mounting local tax bill.

Champion

Editorial Page

Make your choice Tuesday

There's an election on Tuesday.

From indications so far there doesn't seem to be a great deal of concern or interest.

Candidates are out shaking hands, drinking coffee and jousting at meet-the-candidates nights. Leaders are criss-crossing the county trying to build up a little enthusiasm, but Ontario residents are generally complacent and uninterested.

The Conservative party is running on its record of 23 years in office and legislation and leadership in that period. The suggestion succinctly is — you never had it so good.

The Liberal party is suggesting a need for change to tackle such problems as pollution, housing and modernization of municipal government.

The NDP party argues they have earned a "place in the sun" with dynamic policies to cope with cost of living increases, housing for lower income families and the problems of water and air pollution.

Halton East and Halton West have representatives of all three parties. Voters can take their choice on Tuesday.

We have heard little, during the campaign, of farm problems. There has been little spoken about the concern of farm income and the policies of the Milk Marketing Board.

Candidates have been careful in their pronouncement on regional government too. At a meet-the-candidates evening in Milton, all agreed Milton was entitled to an answer on its annexation application but none ventured a

firm statement on the form regional government should take.

Most have seemed to recognize the need for reductions in realty tax, with the Liberals and NDP suggesting the province should bear 80 per cent of the cost of education rather than the present 45 - 55 per cent.

How do you choose a candidate? Do you go by the sound of his voice? his oratorical ability? his familiarity with issues? his party leader? his generous promises? his firm handshake? his good looks?

We're firmly convinced that all these things, as ridiculous as some appear, have bearing on the case.

Unfortunately the subject doesn't get the intelligent consideration it deserves with many voters. It is much easier to be a staunch supporter of one party than to arrive at an independent conclusion. That precludes the necessity of choosing a course. You just automatically and blindly accept whatever the party proposes. The growing number of undecided voters indicates this practice may be diminishing.

On Tuesday the decisions to vote and the placing of the X are up to the individual. Whether you make the decision to place the X beside the standard bearer of your favorite party or whether you choose the location based on his position on a specific issue the choice is yours. The government chosen by the sum total of all the electors will guide Ontario over the coming years of challenge and growth.

On Tuesday make your decision and cast your ballot in your own wisdom.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

There's an old superstition that things, good or bad, run in sequences of three. I'm inclined to respect it.

During the war, casualties in my squadron always seemed to follow the pattern. We'd lose a pilot today, perhaps two the next day, then none for a week. Then three more.

It happened to me. One day I was shot to ribbons by flak. Had to land at 140 miles an hour. No flaps, no brakes. Fortunately, I remembered a movie. Jammed on throttle, jumped on the rudder and ground-looped just short of a nasty ditch.

Two days later, I had a bomb hang-up, and had to land with a 500 pound bomb, fused and ready to go, dangling from my left wing. That was the smoothest landing ever made in World War II. The only thing that was a bit disconcerting was that the control tower made me land, not on the landing strip, but on the grass beside it, so that I wouldn't ruin their runway when I blew up.

The very next day, I was shot down.

This business of things happening in threes is still going on. Monday, the furnace goes on the blink. Tuesday, your wife gets ugly about the garbage or something. Wednesday, some jerk creases your car in the parking lot.

Even the good things come in threes. And that's what happened to me this week. Three delightful opportunities for the weekend, and I can take in only one of them. Sickenin'.

First of all, I signed up to help supervise a trip to Expo from our school. This in itself should prove a fairly hairy experience. Can't you see me marching up and down the halls of a monastery in the middle of the night, in my pjamas and raincoat, trying to prevent boys from being boys, and girls from being girls?

I'd just committed myself to this when old Australian buddy "Dutch" phoned to remind me that this was the

weekend of that ancient and honorable bash known as the Canadian Fighter Pilots' reunion. Same place, Montreal. And he had booked me on a flight to and from the fleshpots of that fair city.

I was sorely tempted to withdraw from the kiddies' excursion, go to the wing-ding, and take two weeks to get over it, as usual. But my wife said, "You're not going. You always come home looking like a skeleton." And that was that.

Resigned, and feeling quite noble, I was packing my stuff for the Expo trip, and patting myself on the back for doing my duty, when number three came up. An invitation to be a judge in a beauty contest on Saturday.

This is one I've been waiting for for years. I've judged essay contests, public speaking contests, apple pie contests at the fall fair, and for three years have been a judge for the Leacock Award for humor.

But I've never had a chance to just sit there and gawp at those cute kids, leering inside and pretending I chose the winner because of her talent, rather than the way she parts her chest.

All I can say is "Shucks!" And all I need now is for Mike Pearson to call up and say I've been appointed to the Senate, provided I can be there Saturday morning to be sworn in.

Oh, I haven't given up entirely. I could go with the kids to Expo, slide over to the fighter pilots' party, skip the bus ride home and catch a plane to the beauty contest.

But I think they'd probably bury me the next day. On the other hand, that might not be a bad idea. I'm not long for this world anyway. Not unless my wife cools it out a bit about going to college.

Last Friday night, she came home all tired up about her course. At 4 a.m. Saturday, I was reading the part of Socrates in Plato's Dialogues. And had to rise at seven to get Kim to her bus for music lesson.



Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the Issue of The Canadian Champion of October 9, 1947

At an organized meeting held in the Legion Rooms, it was decided to enter an intermediate team in the O.H.A. this year and Messrs C. Riddell and Dave Green volunteered to organize and manage the team. Board of Management appointed was Adam E. Armstrong, Kenneth (Dick) Clement and Al Henry.

100 years ago

Taken from the Issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, October 10, 1847.

A School for Instruction of Volunteers in Cavalry Drill has been opened in Toronto with Col. Jenyns as commandant and one of the officers of the 13th Hussars as adjutant. It will be of great benefit to this important arm of the service.

The Fall Show in connection with the Nassagaweya Agricultural Society was held at Haltonville on Tuesday. The day being clear and pleasant, there was a large turnout of people, both old and young, who all seemed bent on having a holiday, and who, judging by their pleasant countenances, evidently enjoyed themselves to the full.

The horses, stock and implements were shown in a field directly opposite Mr. Lyons' hotel, and the grain, roots etc. in a suitable building in the rear of the hotel. The excellent arrangement of the secretary and directors, in conjunction with a proper division of labor among the judges, facilitated business very much, and long before sunset, the work was done, the prizes were awarded, the people began to wend their way homeward, and everything passed off in the most satisfactory manner.

"I earnestly request that every citizen respond most wholeheartedly to this mass X-ray survey, first by having an X-ray, and then by supporting the project among their friends and acquaintances by word of mouth. By so doing you will not only protect yourself and your family, but make Milton a healthier place in which to live."—G. C. Gowland, Mayor.

50 years ago

Taken from the Issue of The Canadian Champion of October 11, 1917

Councillor David Clark says there is no doubt that his horse was stolen. The thieves had begun to clip him, but had stopped for some reason. The animal had been driven hard, and had the marks of harness on his coat. The Grand Valley farmer who found him advertised him in a local paper without result, but identified him from Mr. Clark's advertisement in a Toronto paper. It is suspected that the thief lives not far from Milton.

It appears that Enright, the jail-breaker, was located at Buffalo, where he was a cook for the Y.M.C.A. because he talked too much. He became friendly with another cook, to whom he confided the story of his doings and adventures here. The other cook passed it on to his best girl, who repeated it to another girl from whom it went to the police Chief Constable Jones brought Enright from Buffalo to Milton last Thursday and lodged him in jail, where he and Smith are now being held for trial for their escape and their murderous assault on Governor McGibbon and Turnkey Reid.

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



REMEMBER THIS PARADE through town many years ago? We cannot identify the first car but the second vehicle was

exhibited by Ramshaw's Insurance. Photo from the George Jackson collection.

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